

# The Elk Advocate.

P. W. BARRETT Editor [INDEPENDENT.] TERMS—\$1 50 per Annum if paid in Advance

VOL. 5 RIDGWAY ELK COUNTY PENNA. SATURDAY August 12th 1865 NO 40

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
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Attorney and Counsellor  
at Law.  
Ridgway, [or Benzinger P. O.] Elk Co. Pa.

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Lock Haven, Pa.

**SOUTHER & WILLIS,**  
Attorneys at Law, Ridgway Elk Co. Pa., will attend to all profession business promptly.

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**Eagle Hotel**  
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Frederick Korb Proprietor, having built a large and commodious house, is now prepared to cater to the wants of the traveling public.  
Luthersburg, July 16th 1864.—1y.

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This House is new and fitted up with special care for the convenience and comfort of guests, at moderate rates.  
GOOD STABLES ATTACHED

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This house is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Clarion, in the lower end of the town, is well provided with house room and stabling, and the proprietor will spare no pains to render the stay of his guests pleasant and agreeable.  
Ridgway July 28, 1860.

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Proprietress  
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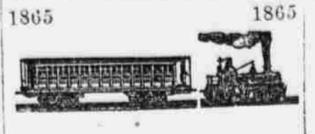
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Corrected weekly:

Apples, (dry) 7 bushel	4 00
Buckwheat " "	1 50
Beans, " "	4 00
Butter " lb	45
Beef " "	9@12
Boards " M.	20 00
Corn " bushel	1 50
Flour " bbl.	12 00
Hides " lb	08
Hay " ton	50 00
Oats " bu.	1 00
Wheat " "	2 50
Rye " "	1 75
Shingles " M.	4 50
Eggs " dozen	20
Hams " lb	25
Pork " "	15



**PHILADELPHIA & ERIE RAILROAD.**—This great line traverses the Northern and Northwest counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, on Lake Erie.

It has been leased by the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, and is operated by them.

Its entire length was opened for passenger and freight business, October 17th, 1864.

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*Leave Eastward.*  
Through Mail Train 1 53 p. m.  
Accommodation a. m.

*Leave Westward.*  
Through Mail Train 12 33 p. m.  
Accommodation p. m.  
Passenger cars run through without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.

**ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS** on Express Trains both ways between Williamsport and Baltimore, and Williamsport and Philadelphia.

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And for Freight business of the Company's Agents:  
S. B. KINGSTON, Jr. Cor. 13th and Market Sts. Philadelphia.  
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In the room formerly occupied by Doct. Blakely.

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**Coal Lands For Sale!**  
THE subscriber offers for sale the Coal privilege, with the right of mining and other minerals under 455 acres of land situated in Fox tp., Clearfield county Pennsylvania, within 2 miles of the Ridgway & hawmut R. R., which connects with the Phila. & Erie R. R., at Ridgway, with a six foot vein of Bituminous Coal upon it, which is now commanding such enormous prices, for manufacturing purposes. For sale cheap, terms cash, a good title given.

For further particulars, address  
**C. L. BARRETT,**  
Clearfield P. O.,  
Clearfield Co., Pa.

**NOTICE.**—The Books and accounts of Jacob J. Storer & Co., and Charles H. Gering & Co., of St. Mary's, have been placed in the hands of the undersigned for settlement. Parties indebted to either of the above firms, are notified that their accounts must be settled by payment to the undersigned, within 30 days.

**Laurie J. Blakely, Atty**  
for GERING & CO. & STORER & CO.  
St. Mary's February, 20th '65.—8t.

## A CROSS WORD. AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Lucy, if you mean to sow this button on, I wish you'd do it—I can't walk all day."

Tom didn't speak a bit cross, only emphatic; but I was out of temper that morning, and my head ached badly from sitting up late the night before. Tom had gone to supper—for the second time since our marriage given by some of his bachelor friends, and had come home the worst for it. It had provoked me intensely. So I had followed him to bed in sullen silence, and awoke none the better pleased after the sleep, on the morning alluded to. To make the matter worse, just as he spoke to me about his button, the knife with which I was cutting bread for his lunch, slipped inflicting a deep gash on my hand, and the baby awoke, and set up her sharp cry from the cradle all in one and the same moment.

"You can wait as well as I did last night, I reckon," I replied sharply, really angry at last. "Don't hurry me—I do all I can with one pair of hands."

Tom dropped his button and turned toward me with a startled, "Why, Lucy?"

"Don't Lucy me," I retorted throwing down the bread and catching up the baby, while the blood streamed from my hand over her white gown. "You have done enough—you have broken my heart, I wish I was back with my father and mother."

I broke down with a burst of hysterical tears, and, seeing the blood of my hand, Tom came over and knelt down beside me. "Why Lucy," he said, his voice and eyes full of tenderness, "you've cut your hand. Why didn't you say so? Here give me the child, while you bind it up—see how it bleeds!"

He held out his hands for the baby, but I snatched her away, and went on sobbing.

"Don't cry, Lucy," he continued, stroking the hair back from my forehead—"please don't, I know I've done wrong dear—but I didn't mean it. I fell in with some of the old boys, and they persuaded me against my will. But it's the last time, Lucy—the last time."

Why didn't I turn to him, then, and help and encourage him? Because my mean, tyrannous temper got the better of my woman's heart.

"Oh, yes!" I said, sneeringly, "it is easy enough to make fine promises—you told me the same thing before. How can you expect me to trust you now?"

Tom was spirited and quick tempered—great loving hearted men always are. He sprang to his feet like a flash, and before I had time to think or speak, had left the room. I tossed the child into her cradle, and rushed to the door—but it was too late—he was gone. I just caught a glimpse of him turning the corner.

I went back to the little breakfast room; how blank and drear it looked, and what a sharp, stinging thorn there was in the very core of my heart! I loved Tom, and he loved me. We had been married only eighteen months and this was our first quarrel. I sat down with the baby in my arms, heedless of my morning work, and fell to thinking. All the old, happy days came back; and the one in particular, when we sat in Dumberry Wood. It was in Autumn, and all the world seemed in a blaze of gold, as the sun slid down, and the squirrel chattered overhead, dropping a ripe nut, now and then, into my lap, as I sat there, with the last rose of summer in my hair, knitting a purse for Tom.

"Lucy," he said, as I wove in the last golden stitches, "you've knit my love—my very life—up in that purse. Tell me now before you finish it how it is to be? Am I to have you and—and—oh! I won't think of it even, Lucy, it would be too dreadful!"

"No, Tom," I answered, "you are to have the purse and the hand that knit it too."

Poor Tom, he cried then just like a little child—he, the bravest man in the village.

"No fault to find, only a little too wild—too fond of gay company; but you must tame him, Lucy, as your mother did me."

That was my old father's advice on our wedding day. My heart smote me dreadfully as I called it to mind that morning. Had I done my duty? Had I followed the example of my mother, who never let fall an unkind word?

But Tom would be home to his dinner! The thought brought me to my feet. I did up my work briskly, and went about seeking just such a dinner as I knew he liked. The plum pudding was done to perfection; the baby in a clean slip, and myself all smiles to receive him when the clock struck one. But he didn't come.

I put by the untasted dinner, and prepared supper, and lit a bright fire in the little parlor. He should have a pleasant welcome. But he did not come. Eight, nine, ten o'clock and I put by the untasted supper, and baby and I went up to the nursery to watch and wait. How the little thorn in my heart pierced and wrangled! Tom had broken his promise, and my unkindness was the cause! Nothing else rang in my ears through the long hours.

About two o'clock I heard a noise below, and went to the window. There was a man on the porch, I could just see him in the dim light.

"Tom, is that you?" I asked softly, putting out my head.

"Yes; open the door, Lucy; quick, the police are after me."

My heart sank. The police after him! What should he have done? I ran down swiftly and unlocked the door. But as I did so, two men wearing official badges stepped up on the porch, and one of them laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and said, "I arrest you sir."

"For what?" I cried, "For murder?"

The floor seemed sliding from beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself, and looked at Tom. At that instant, the official uncovered his lantern, and oh, my God! there was blood upon my husband's hands.

All the rest is a blank. When I came to life again, I was in bed in my own room, and kind compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison awaiting his trial. There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and had struck his antagonist. The man was not dead—tho' they thought he was at first—but he was badly hurt about the head. But it he recovered; well it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose and went to the prison; but they would not admit me. No one was to see my husband until after the trial. Another day crept by; a night; and then a morning came. I went down to the door, and opened it, with that vague feeling of expectation which always accompanies severe affliction, and looked out, the sun was rising; God's sun; rising grandly and brightly over the black stone jail. The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything even on the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly, as we catch at a straw or twig sometimes, without any motive or power of violation. The superscription caught my eye; it was my own name, and my husband's hand-writing I tore it open and read:

"DEAR LUCY—I have broken out of jail, and am going—well, no matter where. I didn't strike Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated, and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die, and then; at any rate, it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I never was worthy of your love. Now, you can go back to your father, and forget me, and be happy. You will find the bonds for what money I have in bank, in the desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable! Forgive me and forget me, Lucy. God bless you—you and the baby! TOM."

This was the end! That was the reward that my cross word had purchased for me! Truly, truly the wages of sin is death. We shall not need one pang of corporal suffering, one spark of real fire, to perfect our torment, if we are lost. Conscience is all sufficient—remorse, that worm that never dies. Is it for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the days that followed that morning? Words could not express it save to one that has passed through the same furnace of affliction. But I lived, for sorrow and death rarely walk in each other's steps, and cursed my babe, and did the work my hands had to do. I did not go back to my father. I remained in Tom's house, and kept his things all about me, even his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him? Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault than Tom was. Then he put a notice in all the papers, telling Tom to come back; but he did not come.

The winter passed away with long long nights of bitter remorse, and tender recollections of the dear husband, whose strong arms had once been my stay and support. The spring came—the summer—another winter. Three years went by—crept by.

My child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairy little thing, with blue eyes and golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied of its childish prattling. All day long she sat on the doorstep, where the evening sunbeams slanted in slipping to her doll, and listening while I told her of the father that would come back to us one day. For surely he would come. Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such repentance as my soul had poured forth.

The third spring was peculiar somehow, the far off sky seemed to drop down

in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore a softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the flowers, a diviner, tenderer beauty I rose every morning, and looked out of my little window at the kindling glories of morn, with a feeling of strange, tremulous expectation.—I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight above me—the one prayer of my soul seemed about to be answered.

One evening—oh, that evening! A May sky, soft and blue, hung over a green, blossoming earth. The turtle cooed in the distant wood and the robin twittered to her young brood amid the milky bloom of the orchard. God's love shone in the golden brightness of the westward going sun.—My child, little Effie, sat on the doorstep talking to her doll, and watching the birds. All at once, she clapped her dimpled hands and bounded to her feet.

"Mamma," she cried gleefully, "pappy come—pappy come; Effie go meet him!"

The words stirred my heart to its utmost depths, and dropping my work, I followed her out at the door. A man was coming up the garden path—his garments tattered—his step slow and uncertain. A beggar, no doubt! I called to Effie to come back, but she ran on, heedless of my command. Tom's little spaniel, that I had petted and taken care of for his sake, darted from its kennel with a peculiar cry, such as I never heard from it before. What did it all mean! My heart throbbled and my knees trembled. Little Effie ran on, holding out both dimpled hands her golden curls blown all about her rosy face, "Dan de do, pappy! Is your little Effie," she lisped, as she reached the man's feet.

He stooped and raised her in his arms and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that either, for my frantic arms grasped some tangible form.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried, "is it you?—Speak, speak and tell me?"

"Yes, Lucy, it's me! I couldn't bear it no longer—I'm dying, I believe—and I couldn't go without seeking you and the little one again."

My arms held him fast, tattered garments and all; my kisses fell on his poor pale face like rain. I would never let him go again.

"Tom, Tom," I sobbed, getting down on my knees, before him, "oh, forgive me! forgive me!—I have suffered so much."

"It's me that must ask forgiveness, Lucy," he said humbly, "not you—I was wrong—"

But I stopped him short.

"No, Tom, my cross word did it all," I said, "but for that we might have been happy together all these weary years—"

"Mamma, mamma," interposed Effie, twisting herself round on her father's shoulder, "don't cry no more—pappy's come back."

Yes, thank God, he had come back poor, and tattered, and hungry—like the Prodigal, but my Tom, my husband nevertheless. I would never speak cross to him any more.

It is spring time again. The sweet sunlight steals in at my window as I write and I hear the turtle cooing in the distant wood. My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of old temptations. I know God's mercy is equal to his justice, and His love greater than ever.

**The Secret Marriage.**  
The night was fearful. The thunder leaped in immoderate reverberations from crag to cliff, and back again. The lightning lighted, and the rain rained. The face of nature was very yet, and the earth trembled beneath the terrific shock of the elements.

He would have been a stout-hearted and fearless man, who dared venture out without an umbrella in the whirl and turmoil of that driving storm, I dare say he did not do it.

And India rubber overshoes too. Suddenly, had it not been so dark there might have been seen a small and fragile boat—a shallop—leaving the tumultuous lake and slowly making its way buffeted and beaten back continually by the storm.

Now aloft, now lost in the engulfing billow, but ever working onward towards the farthest shore, the shallop went, propelled by the strong and nervous arm of a heroic hired man.

But ha! who is that reclines in the stern seat?

'Tis he! His cheek blanches not, and his eye is lit with a ray of anticipation and delight even in the midst of the tempest's roar.

And it is no roar on the half spell I tell you.

Why looks he so unmoved, so calm, so O how joyful, almost when the stormy terrors of the deep encompass him?

Ah, it is because she nestles in his side.

Her rosy palm outwings his; her long yellow hair floats like a golden chair, about him; her gentle nose and radiant chin are close to his, his conspicuous shoulder, and their hearts throb in unison with the dirge music of the pines on the shore and the raging waters before them!

And thus they speed onward, ever, guided by a dim and twinkling window light afar, that makes pale echoes through the gathering mists.

It was warm and snug in the oak panelled library. The clear gleamed lamp, shined bright upon the ponderous tomes and multitudinous papers that strewed the floor and furniture. And here at the ancient carved table, sits the master spirit of the palace.

Figure to yourself my dear reader, a man hardly past the danger time of life, yet bearing on his thoughtful brow these natural knobs and lumps which only come with taking and tempestuous thoughts.

A man whom seeing one, might say, "here is something that is not as if it had not been the something it is." You have met such a man no doubt.

I have not.

The fire in the grate flickers and flares. A black log, burnt in twain, falls asunder and a spire of lambent flame leaps up with a lifeful glare. By its sudden flash of light you can see this man, calm spirited and knobby-browed, is not the man you thought he was.

You also see for the first time, by the fire gleam, that he is a clergyman.

He closes his ancient bronzed clasped volume with something between a smile and a sigh, and says faintly, "it's a shocking night, but good for the crops!"

A loud and hollow summons at the front door resounds throughout the mansion like the thunderous downfall of gravel on the coffin's lid. The rude winds shake the window frames afresh, and whirl with keener fury around the panes.

"Perchance some poor soul lies a-dying," murmured the good and pious man, "and sends to seek the last offices at these unworthy hands."

He touches the bell, and a sable child of the sunny land, whence the originals, men and brothers, were imported by lots to suit purchasers, appears.

"Julius, there is some one at the door."

The swarthy Ethio disappears, but presently returns, ushering in three strangers.

Strangers to the clergyman, indeed, but not to you, good reader. They are the loving pair we have seen in the storm-tossed shallop, and with them is the faithful hired man.

The holy man surveys their quivering forms with surprise.

"Whence come ye, friends, if friends you be?" says he; "and what makes ye here this sad and joyless night?"

"We come here to wed," replies the man with a slight but noble and well executed gesture.

"It is an elopement," says the clergyman to himself. Then aloud: "Have ye well considered the step you are about to take?"

"That have we good sir," said both at once.

"And ye love one another beyond all else on earth?"

"We do."

"And ye are prepared to sunder all ties else to cling and cleave unto one another?"

"We are."

"Then I will wed you right cheerfully. But hold; how old are you, fair sir?"

"Twenty summers have I seen. My bride numbers three less."

"Ah! ye are miners yet."

"No sir. I am no miner. I work in a saw mill."

"But both are under age and the law prevents me joining ye against the wishes of your flesh and blood. You must answer me some questions truly."

"We will."

Know ye any reason why your wedding should not be?

"None."

Know ye any one who, if they knew of this would make objections thereto?

"G' yas."

Ah! your father, sir?"

No—not my father.

Your mother it may be?"

No—she is willing.

Probably your father, fair maiden?"

No, we have his consent."

Then it is your mother?"

No sir."

And have you other guardians?"

"None."

Then, says the pious man, a little disturbed, "why in the name of common sense do you say that there is one who might forbid the match?"

"Oh replied bride, her cheeks crimsoning with the suffusion of native modesty; there is some one. Eli Pritchard, who keeps store, used to sit up with me, and he'd been awful mad if he knew I was going to marry James, here."

"This is the end of my story, but for the young damsel who may read this column, I will add that they were married in less than five minutes, and their numerous children play about the mill age days."

The following was lately sent to Louis Napoleon: "IRE: I have received two wounds under your dear uncle, which have been the ornament of my life, especially as they were mortal. If these wounds seem to you fit for a license for a tobacco store, my hope and my life will be satisfied. Please reply your answer."